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Malachi—A Monologue of Rest.

BY SPEER STRAHAN.

MY friend, did ever day come in as this,
Such snowy cloud-sheep closely herded on
Before the shepherd wind? or the dank earth
Thus sweet with fragrance of returning life?

Such did one other glimmering morning come,—
Wine-red the dawn across the shadowed fields,
And all the air was fragrant as with wine;
And the white sun was lifted high,—'twas like
To when, our holy Levites say, the priest
Melchisedech once offered wine and bread.
That day came One adown this winding road,
Came with the other twelve. What could I do
But follow after Him?—a voice wherein
Was sound of sunset seas, and where lay hushed
The music of a thousand waterfalls;
Those eyes that held the holy peace of heaven,
Valleys no eye of time had ever seen,
Harpings unheard and union unconceived.
Ah, when He moved, 'twas as the stir
Of lifted wings of angel companies,
Bended in adoration by God's throne.
Truly the prophet's years were all fulfilled,
The Promised One was very flesh and blood,
Dwelling a Man with men, yet more to me.

Witness was I to all His works: The dead
Arose from shadowed tomb and lived again;
The lame leaped high, and tongues were loosed in praise;
The blind saw, and the sad were comforted
By Him who spoke as never man did speak.
I saw the little children in His arms,
And the five thousand fed with mystic bread.
Sat at His feet and heard His gentle voice.
To me 'twas breath of winds pressed on by dawn,
Brushing from leaden skies the obscure clouds,
Suffering the breaking day to clothe the hills,
Assume the open sky in lucent pomp.

Then came we to the shore of Galilee,
And all the gathered multitude He taught.
The thunder of the sea was hushed to hear,
And the wild winds were chastened when He spoke.
'He was the living bread come down from heaven,
His flesh to eat, and blood to drink would give.'
What might this mean? For how could flesh be bread,
Or ruddy life-stream changed to very drink?
Doubt entered in and humble faith went out,
I turned aside....and walked with Him no more.

I walked no more with Him, but now His name
Made lingering sweetness on the lips of men,
Came whispering on the lifted winds of dawn,
Was morning stillness on the awaking hills,
Sounded in songs of birds, and in the speech
Of innocent young children passing by.
Then came I back sad to this peaceful farm,
But peace was not for me. From every hill
I saw that glory told in th' unfurled skies,
I heard that voice in the rushings of the winds,
And though 'twere deepest night I saw those eyes,
And I was hungry for I knew not what.

So turned I back to seek the One I lost.
My way was made with penitential steps
To David's holy city towering high.
And through those roads the memory of His face
Was pillar of cloud by day and fire by night,
Leading me on to Him, the very God.
The paschal moon had waned, yet many men
Still thronged the streets and filled the temple courts.
I asked of them—they quickly told me all,
All, and my heart turned into sudden stone.
I stumbled then along the turning streets,
I came to seek Him, and He was not there.
On went I till the wild tears sweetly came,

And by a doorway did I lean to rest.
Long was I there, till strains of some old hymn
Came wafted from above. Did I not know
Those voices in the singing blended clear;
With them did I not stray in Galilee?

Hope rose in me again, joy almost woke,
Loud knocked I until one in answer came.
'Wouldst take me to the ones that sang?' 'Ah, no,
The doors were closed, and to that upper room
None save the Mother and the eleven went.'
Yet long I begged until He took me in
And led me to their door. Soft entered I,
While one with tear-stained cheeks a welcome made
Then knelt I down, and as I prayed a voice
Low like the songs of angels broke my prayer.
I looked, and there was He whom my soul loved,
With Thomas searching feet and hands and side.
I knew Him Lord and God,—no doubts were mine,
Nor need I touch those wounds as Thomas did.
I doubted not, and my whole soul cried out
That never, never must we part again.
And then I understood the Bread and Wine;
I looked, those tender eyes were full on me;
He blessed me, as I knelt, and He was gone.

One Touch of Nature.

BY EUGENE R. MCBRIDE.

A BRISK April wind swept along the brilliantly lighted street and across the park, causing many a late shopper to shiver in his boots, and sundry gentlemen of leisure, sprawled for the night on park benches, to wrap their porous raiment more tightly around their chilled bodies. Among the horde of shoppers, overcoats and furs were not in evidence. The crowds buffeted the chill wind merrily, for they knew that the back of winter had been broken. Spring was in the air, and the city rose joyfully to meet it. Happy young mothers, arm in arm with proud young husbands, passed by, loaded down with bundles from which there peeped small, gaily-colored baskets, papier-maché replicas of the time-honored rabbit, and boxes, evidently full of chocolate representations of the same animal, to say nothing of candy eggs and other gems of the confectioner's art, warranted to give all the sensations of ptomaine poisoning to the unsuspecting urchin, who at home, lay dreaming of what the bunny should bring on the morrow. The florists' shops and candy kitchens were very hives of activity where swains, young and old, passed crisp bills across the counters for flowers and confectionery, destined for sacrifice to that pleasing pastime, toward which, in the spring, a young man's fancy lightly turns.

A well-dressed young fellow paused before one of the brilliant floral shops, and after a moment's hesitation started through the door. There he collided with a heavily laden outcomer, and, begging a thousand pardons restored several disarranged bundles to their proper position in the owner's grasp. Far from being angry, he of the bundles thanked his sparring partner graciously and passed on. The young man walked up to the counter across which a pompadoured salesgirl beamed upon him sweetly.

"One dozen long stemmed lilies," he ordered, and gave an address. Then he left quickly, followed by the admiring gaze of the young lady behind the counter.

"Gee! ain't he the swell," she murmured. She, too, had inhaled the nectar of spring.

The well dressed young man walked briskly down the crowded street, his bright young face answering the smiles of the merry shoppers. His heart leaped within him in the true brotherhood of the city street One block down he left the brilliant lights behind him and entered the park. He stood for a while, expectantly, beside the gurgling fountain, then extracted a neat gold watch from his vest pocket and examined it by the flickering light of a match.

"Half-past twelve," he murmured to himself. "I'm a half-hour ahead of time."

He sank down wearily upon one of the benches and sprawled out, his arm spread over the back and his head rested upon it. The bench felt decidedly comfortable after the day's rush. His tired eyes roamed across the park toward the busy street and rested at last on the florist's shop that he had just left. In this position he lay and waited.

. . . . . .

An unshaven, pale-faced and generally dilapidated specimen of the city's flotsam shuffled wearily along the same street and paused in front of the same floral shop. His shifting eyes swept over the exterior display and finally rested upon a tall jar of slightly frozen lilies. He turned toward the door of the shop and then stopped undecidedly. Suddenly mustering up the sufficient courage, and fearful lest it should fail him, he literally hurled himself

at the swinging door and collided with a fleshy person who was loaded to the very ears with purchases. The out-comer measured his length on the sidewalk and the bundles were hurled almost to the curb. Terrified by the result of his dash, but still strong in resolve, the wayfarer failed to take to his heels as his clansmen are wont to do, but instead, set about the restoring of the bundles to their owner. The corpulent person snorted with wrath as the soiled bundles were placed in his arms. The voice of the other was hollow and wavering but gentle:

"I beg your pardon!"

"Oh, you do!" cried the wrathful object of his center rush. "Do you see that cop on the next corner? As soon as I can reach him, I'll send him down this way. If you're here when he comes, there'll be one more boarder in the lock-up to-night. Now let's see your heels!"

His miserable listener walked quickly away and stepped behind a closed street booth, a block further down. From this point of vantage, he waited for the coast to clear. Then he retraced his steps and entered the florist's. The pompadoured head nodded sleepily. The girl's eyes rested scornfully on the late visitor.

"Was there anything you wanted?" she inquired, grandly.

"Those lilies outside—" came the nervous reply. "I want a few of them. I'll carry packages for you or do any work you say, if you'll—"

"Mr. Simpson!" called the young woman turning to the rear of the store, "will you stand by and see a lady insulted like this? I didn't hire out to talk to no hoboes." She stamped her foot angrily. The foppish little manager came quickly to the front of the store, but stopped a good distance from the intruder.

"You get!" he commanded in a shrill, little voice, and pointed disdainfully at the door.

The visitor recognized his cue and responded promptly. He leaped through the door and onto the sidewalk, grasping at the vase of lilies as he ran. When he lifted his hand he saw that it held two of the flowers. Shoving them under his coat, he made off at high speed down the deserted street, the store manager yelling at his heels. At the next corner the thief collided with a corpulent figure in blue and brass and felt a strong grip in the region of his neck.

Night Sergeant Malone sat at his desk in the North Side Station and yawned into his palm. His lethargy was interrupted by the entrance of the policeman and the ragged lily fancier. He straightened up immediately, crawled into his dignity and glared the awful glance that had made him the terror of his district.

"Drunk?" he inquired.

"Nope," replied the officer. "Crazy! He stole two lilies from a jar in front of Johnson's flower shop."

"Fer the love of hiven!" ejaculated the astonished magistrate, glaring again at the prisoner. "Yer a broth of a boy to be stealin' flowers from florists' shops. Got a gir-rl somewhere?" The prisoner looked up and made a miserable attempt at a smile.

"Do I look as if I had?" he inquired.

The Sergeant stroked his magnificent mustache and carefully examined the young fellow. The pale, unshaven face and unkempt hair, the ragged clothes and well ventilated shoes, answered his question.

"No," he replied, "ye don't. Ever been up before?" The prisoner shook his head.

"I had a position, and a good one, last September. I've been out of work ever since."

"Belong in the city?" inquired the Sergeant.

"Here four years."

"Got any friends to go bail for ye?"

The prisoner laughed harshly.

"No. I lost them with my position. It seems a long time since I knew a friend."

"Well, ye'll have lots of friends when yez wake up in the mornin'," laughed the Sergeant, taking up his pen and writing in the huge book in front of him. "But I'd like to know what under the hiven's blue dome ye wanted with lilies. We'll find out in the mornin'." He motioned toward the barred door.

"Just a minute, Sergeant," cried the young offender, quickly. "I'll have to tell you what I wanted the flowers for. I know you won't believe anything I tell you, but I want you to do something for me, so I'll tell you the truth."

"All right, me buck," answered the Sergeant. 'The story of yer life—let's have it. I know yez!" he cried sarcastically. "Yer a millyonaire's son in disguise and ye stole the flowers for yer girl-rl on a bet. Well, Dad'll be down in the mornin' with the toorin' car. Pleasant dreams to ye!"

But the prisoner refused to be silenced.

He spoke hurriedly, fearing forcible ejectment from the room.

"My old home is near Bordentown, Sergeant. When I came here four years ago, I left my old mother on our little farm there. I've been sending her every cent I earn, here in town, to keep a roof over her head. She's fond of lilies, and so every Easter since I've been away from her, she's received a dozen big ones. I only wanted a few of them to-night and offered to work for them. They would have frozen and been thrown out to-morrow. I'd rather stay a year in jail than have the little old lady think I had forgotten her. The Bordentown Express leaves the Pennsylvania station at twelve-fifteen. That's where I was heading for when your friend here stopped me. Wrap the flowers in that newspaper you have there on the desk and send them down before the train leaves. The baggageman is a friend of mine. Give him the flowers and he'll know where to take them to to-morrow morning. If you only do this, Sergeant, you can send me up for as long as you like."

"Put the flowers on the desk," commanded the Sergeant gruffly. "I'm a harp, me boy, but not as green as I look. The cooler fer yours. You'll be tended to in the morning."

A strong hand was laid on the shoulder of the well-dressed young man.

"Wake up, Larry, me lad!" cried a cheery voice. "'Tis too hard entirely ye work in that stuffy old office of yours. Come, the twelve-fifteen will be leavin' in a few minutes. Be the Saints! Sure it's fast asleep ye were."

"Sure enough, I was John, asleep and dreaming—dreaming of this night a year ago, when I found a friend—dreaming of the little old lady, who never knew. She received a dozen beautiful lilies that Easter morning, instead of my two frozen ones. I wonder who could have sent them—surely not flint-hearted old John Malone, the terror of his district? And what of your pride and joy—the law, John? You stepped above it that night to aid a thief."

"Tut, tut, me boy!" cried his friend. "The law's the law, but it wasn't to be after denyin' a bit of a flower to your mother. Come, she'll get a better cargo on the twelve-fifteen this night, if ye'll only hurry, lad." Arm in arm, the two left the park and walked hurriedly down the deserted street to where the lights of the station gleamed through the fog of the early morning.

A Song of Spring.

SOFT as the sweep of a swallow's wing
Sad as the swan's sweet song,
Out of the deep where the shadows sleep,
Over rough rocks where the young vines creep,
Ripples your voice along.
All of the valley is wild with your laughter
And in my heart rings the echo long after.

J. C.

The Crucible.

BY EMMETT G. LENIHAN.

JACK RANTON again sipped the green-iced liquid in his glass, and gave a sigh of relief. Taking a handkerchief out of his pocket, he mopped the perspiration from his brow, and then grasping a palm leaf on the table, proceeded to fan himself vigorously.

"Thank the Lord for one thing about this town," he gasped, "that you can get a cold drink when you want it. But that's about all I can give the place. If I ever get back to Chicago, I'll get my territory changed, or Swift and Blackmore will be without the services of a promising young hardware salesman. To think that State Street is swarming right now with crowds of people in all their new Easter finery. Two weeks ago I thought I'd get a chance to sprout out in a new hat or necktie myself. Instead I'm sticking around in this forsaken hole."

His companion smiled. "Nogales isn't by any means a pleasant summer resort. I've been working these little Mexican and Arizona towns for five years and I know what real hot weather is."

They were sitting on the piazza of the one little hotel in Nogales, Ranton with a look of disgust on his flushed face, slouched back in a large porch chair, and his companion, a gray-haired veteran salesman, placidly smoking a cigarette. The air was sultry to the extreme. Not a breath of wind was stirring through the few trees that dotted the yard in front of the hotel. Even the Mexican desk boy seemed to realize that summer had come a little early, for he was stretched out on a bench at the other end of the porch, sleeping soundly and noisily.

Suddenly Ranton sat upright in his chair.

"There's the fellow we noticed in church this morning," he exclaimed. "Remember the man who sat just ahead of us and seemed lost in reverie all through the services?"

The old salesman gazed with interest at the stranger who had now turned in from the street and was coming toward the hotel. He was a tall, gaunt-looking man, dressed in a plain brown suit. From under the large black hat, a pair of steel gray eyes gleamed steadily as he turned them upon the two men on the porch. When he had reached the top of the steps, he turned to Ranton: "Have one of you gentlemen a match?" he inquired, taking a cigarette case from his pocket and extracting one of the small white cylinders.

Ranton produced his match safe and then invited the other to have a drink. After smilingly declining, the stranger said, "It's almost warm enough to make that a temptation. The hot weather has come upon us earlier than usual, and it seems like a touch of one of our old-time dry hot spells."

"I've heard a great deal about this country and the rough customers it used to harbor before it became civilized," observed Ranton after a pause, "but it's so damn quiet now that one of your old cattle rustlers could shoot up the whole town without waking a single sleepy inhabitant."

"It's only about twenty years ago since this place used to be considerably shaken up—"

"Oh, tell us about it," broke in Ranton. "It certainly will break up the monotony of a mighty dull day."

The stranger lighted another cigarette, and began:

In Prescott, Arizona, there used to be a very widely known gambling house, run by an ex-cowpuncher, 'Bill Ott.' It was a wide open place and drew the trade of all classes of people, for it was known that everything was absolutely on the square. Bill was proud of the reputation of his house, and would rather have lost every cent he possessed than to have had anyone believe that he had been crooked out of his money. So it grew to be a sort of unwritten law that all playing had to be on the dead level by the gamblers as well as the house.

Almost any time during the day or night one might drop into Bill's and find Jim Bardell there. He was a mighty clever gambler, although a young fellow, and made a pretty fair living at the cards. In fact, he'd make such a heavy killing at times that he might have bought out the whole place, but Jim liked to hit the high spots, and his money went just about as fast as he made it.

His luck couldn't last forever, though, and finally it deserted him. It was just after he won a big pile from "Spike" Mulligan that the cards began to turn against him. He lost all his winnings, and then his own money left him. Jim pawned his diamond stickpin and rings, and they went too. He was just about down to his last cent, with all his personal belongings gone, the night that "King" Monroe came in from Carson City.

Monroe at that time used to own just about all of the southern part of Nevada, and this night he was loaded with money. After buying a few rounds of drinks for the boys he started to look for a game of cards. He didn't have much trouble finding it, and soon sat down at a table where Jim had resolved to take his last chance.

It happened that the very first pot, the young gambler won. This seemed to give him some of his old confidence, for he continued to win steadily until he had over a thousand dollars piled up in front of him. The game had by this time become too stiff for the other players, so they quit, leaving Jim and the "King" to fight it out. On the very next hand, Jim drew three queens. Monroe also got a good hand and the betting soon became heavy. As Jim saw all his money going into the pot, a great temptation came over him. When dealing at the draw, he had noticed that the queen of spades was the last card left on the top of the deck. He knew that with that card it would be practically impossible to beat him, while he feared now that the "King" held a "full house" or "fours." His hand moved stealthily toward the pack, and just as he was about to grasp the card, Monroe, who had been leaning back in his chair, overbalanced and fell to the floor with a crash. With a lightning move Jim got the card, and when the "King" reseated himself, he was shoving the last bit of money into the centre of the table.

"That's the last of my pile, 'King'," he observed, "so I'll have to call you."

"All right," answered Monroe, "here's my hand, three big aces, and I guess that's about good enough to win."

"Not quite, 'King'," said Jim slowly, "I've got a few ladies here," and he laid the four

queens upon the table, and smilingly reached for the pot.

A hard slap on the shoulder arrested his hand, and he whirled in his chair to find Bill Ott glaring at him. "You damn cheat," roared the big proprietor, "don't touch that money or I'll blow your head off. I saw you steal that last card from the top of the deck."

He had hardly got the last words out of his mouth when Jim drew and shot him through the body. Immediately there was a wild uproar, but before anyone could reach him, the young fellow had leaped through the window and disappeared into the night.

Lighting safely on his feet, he dodged swiftly through the dark alley, vaulted over the high board fence back of the State bank, and headed for the railroad tracks. Behind him, he heard the loud angry shouts of the crowd as they surged out of the gambling house in swift pursuit. Dodging in and out among the cars, he plunged heedlessly along,—any direction was the right one, so long as he kept out of the hands of the mob. As he approached the stockyards, his heart leaped with joy for he noticed two horses tied near the water tank. Untying the larger and better one of the pair, he led it stealthily along through the dark shadow of the yards until he reached the north road. There he climbed upon the horse and headed for the Loyena mountains. With a fair start, he knew that he could reach the mountains before a posse would be able to begin a concerted pursuit; and there in its almost impassable, trackless fastnesses, he hoped to hide for a few days, and then with his pursuers thrown off the track, to make a break for Mexico.

Jim's fateful luck seemed to have come back to him again, for he reached the mountains without any further adventures. In a little glade far up on one side of the Loyena, he secreted himself and his horse. There he remained, lying in hiding and waiting for a chance to escape, while his pursuers searched the mountain side. His only food was a squirrel that he managed to knock down with a club, for although game was very plentiful, he dared not shoot anything, knowing that the sound of a revolver would bring the posse upon him.

On the fourth night, he decided to leave his hiding place. Taking the canteen, which he found in the saddle bags on the horse, he filled it at the little spring in the glade, and started down the mountain. Circling far around the spot where he had last heard the posse, he rode carefully along, ready to make a dash for liberty, if he encountered any of the men. Fortunately, he reached the foot of the mountain safely, and with a sigh of relief started across the desert.

All night long, the lone horseman rode on and on. As morning came, he began to grow faint with hunger and so dismounted to take a short rest. He then sipped a little of the precious water from the canteen, and emptying part of it in his hat, held it up for the horse to drink. After a few minutes, he again climbed upon the horse, and continued his death-laden journey.

Soon the sun, a huge copper blazing mass, began to rise higher in the heavens, pouring its merciless rays down upon him. The burning sands hurled their fiery vapors into his face, searing through the thick covering of dust and alkali. By noon his small supply of water was gone, and his horse as well as himself was beginning to falter under the strain. Utterly exhausted, with its eyes glassy, its tongue hanging out, and its legs quaking in the sand, the noble animal struggled on. Finally it halted, staggered forward a few more steps, and then dropped suddenly to the earth.

Jim knew that the poor beast could go no farther, so mercifully putting a bullet through its brain, he started on alone. Now the terrible, oppressive heat overwhelmed him and seemed to burn through every fibre, shrivelling the very soul within him. His hat fell off and dropped unnoticed to the ground. Bareheaded, his face covered with sweat and grime, his throat parched, and his eyes staring out of his head, he strode wearily across the desert. Jibbering feverishly, he cursed the fate that had made him a cheat, a murderer and a horse thief; an outlaw, forced to hide and run for his life from a crowd of man hunters. Oaths and blasphemies rolled from his cracked lips as he vowed to make them pay for all his sufferings.

On all sides of him the deadly desert mirages rising before his deranged mind, formed into beautiful silver lakes, surrounded by waving palm trees. Wonderful white crystal castles with enchanted fountains, spreading their misty spray over gardens of flowers and green plants, lured him on. Gurgling streams and wide, majestic rivers sprang up before him and then

disappeared, mocking him with satanic laughter. Finally with his mind a total blank, he staggered and fell flat upon his back, staring upward with unseeing eyes at the pitiless molten ball of fire.

Two weeks later, Jim awoke in that little hut down by the church. In his wild wandering he had reached the edge of Nogales where he was found by the little padre when taking his evening walk. The priest had the gambler carried to his house, and there nursed him safely through a long siege of fever.

There isn't much more to be told. Jim had plenty of time to think while lying there on his back, and he concluded that his sufferings had been no greater than he deserved. He knew that he couldn't go back to Arizona, but he resolved to follow the straight road instead of trying to avenge himself upon his late pursuers. It was then just a few days before Easter, so on Easter Sunday Jim went to Mass with the padre and renewed the practice of the religion that he had long forsaken. Since then he has been by no means a saint, but he has tried to atone for the misdeeds of his early wild life.

The stranger relighted his cigarette and blew a thin curl of smoke into the air. "It isn't much of a story," he smiled apologetically, "but it shows that this country wasn't always so dead as it is now. But,—I guess I'll have to be going along now," and getting up from his chair, the stranger strolled down the path and out the gate.

Ranton rushed over and grabbed the sleeping Mexican by the ear. "Say, who is that fellow?" he cried, pointing at the tall retreating figure."

The boy rubbed his eyes slowly and yawned. "Oh, that ees Señor Jim Bardell, the ownaire of the beeg gold mine in Sonora. He come here everee Eastaire."

Ranton walked back and dropped into his chair. "Well I'll be durned," he muttered softly.

Searching.

In every land, in every clime, I've searched these many years,
And sometimes life's been full of joy, and sometimes full of tears;
You ask me why this endless search, and want to know my cause?
I'm looking for a girl, the kind of girl my mother was.

J. U. R.

Easter.

EASTER morning on the college campus
Shrubs and lawns of shaded April green,
Paths of gravel 'neath the straight-rowed maples
Through the leaves a glimpse of sky serene.

Spires rising from the stately chapel,
Chimes within it calling priests to prayer.
Wooded hills—high-hanging in the distance—
Level fields and meadows green and fair.

Oh, to breathe the incense of the springtime,
Feel the breezes from the waters blown,
Hear the soft winds playing through the maples,
See the fair-flushed heavens smiling down.

All the world's in harmony this morning,
Hearts are happy, souls are hushed in prayer;
All creation pays a loving tribute,
To the God of love who placed it there.

Andrew L. McDonough.

The Guns of Devotion.

BY GEORGE P. SCHUSTER.

ON that far-off, silver night there was the gleam of old-fashioned candles and of golden laughter in the Potter ball-room. And in the midst of it all she stood—the queen of the dance, fair as a dew-kissed lily, with her noble blue eyes and her dainty blue hoop-skirt. Slender, thoroughbred, with the merriment rippling keenly over her sweet face, she had come with her mother from the South to Springfield on a visit. How they had grown to love her! Not a young man but would have gone into battle for her smile, not one but would have died for her kiss.

And now Mrs. Potter's ball meant farewell. They had invited a strange young lawyer of the city, a man of wierd and hungry height, whose countenance would have made an admirable gargoyle. "Miss Houston, I want you to meet Mr. Lincoln," the hostess had said, and Miriam remembered how hard it had been to keep down a smile at his awkward grin and bow.

Then she danced with him and almost screamed when he stumbled upon her toes—so very hard. He did not merely beg her pardon. He stopped dead still. "I am awfully sorry it happened," he said, "but the Lord had to make two mighty big plains to carry such a

mountain as I am. If you would rather not dance—"

She was eighteen and very embarrassed. "Oh, I reckon that will be all right, Mr. Lincoln," she answered and smiled. This was a queer man.

When it was over she sat down to fan herself and talk for a moment. Just then one of the candles in the candelabra above—badly placed—toppled down, and the flame caught eagerly at the long lace on her sleeve. There was a flash and a scream, but Lincoln had his "swallow-tail" off in a second and all was safe.

"Thank you so much," she said sweetly, but while Maggie Potter and Minnie Calvert purred sympathetically over the singed garment, the hero was far off, talking to the men. Soon he controlled them as completely as he had the fire. His was a style of talk that seemed at first to go best with a chew of tobacco, but as one listened, the grain of truth shone through and through.

Soon the whole room was listening. The callouses, the privation and the sweat of white toil was pleading for the dusky slave. Douglas had just startled Congress with his doctrine of squatter-sovereignty, and faint lurid rumors were beginning to stroll in from Kansas regarding a certain wild-eyed, shaggy-bearded John Brown..

"I tell you, folks," said Lincoln, "this Douglas has set the town on fire. There won't be any let-up till the curse of slavery is burnt to ashes."

There was a flash of Southern eyes and a rustle of filmy skirts. "Sure you all know, Mr. Lincoln, that *we* keep slaves. How could you be so mean as to say we'd treat them wrong? Mr. King—he is our pastor—says the Bible says for us to keep the negro in bondage, and I reckon he knows."

There was a great kind smile on the gaunt features of the Westerner as he looked down at the little flushed face. "I beg your pardon, Miss. How could I know there was such a powerful argument on the Southern side? Yes, that is like the yarn I heard when I was up in Cook County."

And he went on in his inimitable way of telling stories. That night it was Lincoln who escorted Miss Houston to her aunt's. Miriam had never known anyone in her life like him. Virginia was filled with fiery, strong-minded lads, but this man was like Michael Angelo's "Moses"—the only one of his kind in the ages. Some of this quality fascinated her so much that her heart beat very quickly. Why, she couldn't tell.

That night she bade him see her off the next morning. He came and shook her hand. Then, scarcely pondering what she did, she cried out to him with one tiny foot on the train-stoop: "Good-bye, Abraham; I live in Middletown, Virginia. You may write me if you wish."

He did, and it was not until that tiny, woefully treated paper left her hands that Miriam knew. By strange and unhappy pressure of chance, she had come to love Lincoln. She who could have wedded any of the fine, young masters of her home, had given her heart to an uncouth woodsman who would never know. She did not answer that letter, hoping thus to free herself. But the spell of that deep, wonderful, ungainly pioneer was on her for evermore.

The years waved their hands and ran on—wierd silent years which heaped the grapes of wrath under the wine-press of destiny. Men of keen vision scented the torture of a coming storm, and gazed anxiously at the writhing tree-tops on the horizon. In all this time Miriam Houston had not listened to one of her faithful suitors: she had grown stately and mature alone.

Then suddenly a man from out the North—in her ignorance of politics and of definite geography, Miriam never dreamed it could be he—was elected President. One state after another seceded, Sumpter's guns flashed through the night, and the inky, unknown clouds of war rushed over the heavens. Lincoln called for volunteers, and they came to "Father Abraham," stalwart, eager, thousands on thousands strong.

Not less gladly went forth the grey. File on file of frost-clad cavaliers marched by; son after son left his mother's arms to grapple with grim and ghastly war. And up from Texan plains rode Robert Lee and Joe Johnston and Jeb Stuart, to draw their blades for Southern honor and belief.

The girls stood on the cool porches and waved with all their souls to the boys who marched so proudly off. Yes, there were tears, but they were those of Spartan mothers; there was sharp beating of anguished hearts, but that was stifled down. Every lad kissed his sweetheart openly, and even Miriam allowed Joe Pemberton, hapless lover, to do so time and

time again. "We'll be back in a month," they said.

They were off forever, and the war-eagles shrieked and clapped their wings. Deeper and deeper sank the valley, closer and nearer crept the shadows. Then the female of the race dwelt again in travail for the sons she had borne, and broken hearts screamed to heaven. But as the men who fed the guns on Malvern Hill and at Manasses, yielded only for relentless death, so the American woman pressed down her throbbing sorrow and labored night and day.

Gen. Houston came home in '62 with a leg wrenched off at the hip. Lieut. Arthur Houston fell fighting at Gaines Mill. Herbert alone was left, and he marched with Stonewall Jackson's men. Night after night Miriam and her mother sat to sew and gather for the boys in grey. And then afterward they prayed.

February came down, cold, cruel and hard, leaving the bare fields and the empty houses sheeted spectre-wise. The breasts of the South were dry and there was neither food nor clothing. Then Miriam Houston formed a mighty resolve. It was the last thing a woman could do for her country and her brethren. She decided to become a nurse—a Sister of Charity.

The broken General was gazing wearily and desperately into the open fire, not plentiful now, but quite sparse. Miriam stood tall and straight with the majesty of a graceful willow, and placed her hand gently on her father's shoulder: "Father, I reckon we've done about all we can."

"Yes honey. All, all—"

There is only one thing remaining, father, and that is the greatest. I am going out to nurse the boys who are dying, and I am going to be a Sister of Mercy."

Accustomed as he was to superhuman sacrifice, Gen. Houston gazed at his daughter in silent awe. Perhaps too there was more pain in his heart than he showed. "Think, child, think," he said.

But she went, on up to Emmitsburg, where the peaceful convent of the Sisters of Mercy stood in its shroud of pines. Inside there was a kind-faced, but withal sad, old Mother who said gently:

"Miss Houston, you are welcome, very welcome, if you will come, and we need you, God knows. But remember that Christ is the friend of blue and grey, and that before Him they are brothers. If you join us you must lay aside the old love and hate and pride. You must die when you enter here."

And solemnly, tearfully, Miriam said she would try. But under the black coarse dress of the candidate there was the little brown letter from Lincoln. Then with sharp unexpectedness great cannon groaned among the Pennsylvania hills. Like two giant typhoons the armies of the North and South hurled themselves at each other and Gettysburg was on.

The thousands who had been shot and crushed cried to the Sisters for aid. They went and when Sister Angela rode over the field of battle it was twilight on the third day. Grim sentinels stood in the sultry evening and watched the rivulets of blood that oozed and spun along. Orderlies were burying heaps of men with heaps of horses, but no one made protest. There was a red streak of sun in the West, but it seemed only the reflection of the drenched and clotted sod.

Over in the little church they had stretched hundreds of wounded men, and St. Francis Xavier prayed over their moans from a large fresco on the wall. In the midst of it all—the curses, the spasms, the pain and the death—Sister Angela worked deadly pale but deadly steadfast. It was her baptism in Mercy's service, and literally it was a baptism of blood.

The summer waned into deep autumn, and the frost lay on the fields as if the cannon-fumes had congealed. Then the great President came to Gettysburg to bless the graves of his sons. Sister Angela stood far off along the skirt of the crowd, and when she caught the shrill, sad voice, like that of Jehovah's prophet, she wondered where she had heard it before. But she could not see the face.

The drums tolled on and with them weeks of battle. Sister Angela moved like the grace of Christ through the narrow aisles of Stanton Hospital, Washington, touching lightly and ever so soothingly the mangled bodies of heroes. The wounded lay in dense rows, mostly blue. And then Early led the Virginians for the last time through the Shenandoah, well-nigh to the gates of the Union.

That night bearded men in ragged grey were borne in and stretched side by side with their foes. There was a little bound of the old love and hate in Sister Angela's breast, but she fought it down, down. These men were all in pain and she was Mercy.

Yes, her heart gave a sudden thump. On the cot beside her lay a young man, shaggy, worn and wild-eyed, his shirt torn and soaked in his own blood, whom she knew, would always know.

"Herbert, O my brother! Herbert!" She tugged almost wildly at his arm. The bloody eyes opened wide, but he could not see.

"Give 'em hell," he said, "and more grape."

All night she labored at his bedside, forgetful of all else, even of her solemn duty. He grew calm, his wounds were dressed, and he opened his eyes with a smile. What was that news they were spreading? Lee surrender? No, it could not be. But the door opened and an orderly entered. "Gen. Lee has surrendered and the war is over."

One cannot know now what it meant to the Boys in Grey. For years they had marched into the blaze of shell with a smile of love; they had watched their comrades stumble and die; they had sweat their blood and hungered and gone barefoot. And now no Southern boy would ever be wrapped in those stars and bars he worshipped fiercer than life or home, no song would ever again be sung at any camp-fire. It had been done in vain—the sword was broken and life was low.

"Thank God, Miriam. It doesn't mean much to me. I'm dying."

She knew it and tears stole down her gentle cheeks like rivulets of rain. But she was silent. He became delirious again, and there were horrible scenes of battle.

"Give 'em hell," he shouted once more, "and grape."

He was dead. Sister Angela sobbed over his torn body, long, very long. Then there was a gentle hand upon her shoulder and some man spoke words that thrilled with pain and sympathy. "Sister, dear Sister," he said.

She gazed up at him wildly. The face was old and scarred with tears and suffering. Yet she recognized it instantly.

"Mr. Lincoln!" she said. "Oh, is it you?" and her hand was clenched over the little yellow letter of the years ago. But she then quickly hid her face in her hands and sobbed.

Lincoln did not know her; he saw that the youth was clad in grey. But there was a heart-haunted look of infinite yearning on his pallid face. There one could find no North or South, but as in the Sister's heart—Christ only.

"Yes, Sister, there are so, so many!"

And he went away. It was not until Good Friday that the wounds of all the Stanton patients were healed and the dead buried. Peace seemed to bend slowly and benignly over the cradle of a new era. But the savage storm of war had yet its direst thunderbolt to fling. Lincoln was assassinated on Good Friday, and died at the next dawn.

On Sunday his body was laid in state in the White House. Many a crippled soldier, many a tall, bronzed man, many a former enemy wiped away bitter tears as he shuffled past. And among them was a white-bonneted Sister of Mercy. She stood and looked tenderly upon the everlasting smile that calmed his rugged brow. She knew there was the quiet of ages in the mighty peasant's soul and rest. He was glad, and so was she.

The Sister passed out into the fresh spring air, which rang with the happy Easter chimes. Down the street fluttered a little crumpled yellow paper. And there was peace.

And Aline Suicided.—A Million Dollar Farce.

BY MYRON PARROT.

THE DRAMATIS PERSONAE — WILL APPEAR WITHIN THE PLAY.

PROLOGUE.

THE TIME—is several thousand years (to the hour) since Adam was advised to fast and abstain during lent.

THE SCENE — is a lofty room, beamed, paneled, dimly lighted by green-shaded hanging lamps—the room you dreamed of having at college, but, somehow, never got. It is perhaps in a Michigan Avenue Apartment, but that you can only surmise; the audience will not be allowed to look from the outside.

Color riots everywhere, in the walls, upholsteries, draperies. Near the room's middle is a leather-covered library table; and upon it a telephone, also, and on book-cases, the piano, bed, chairs, even rugs, miniature and confused pilings of books, magazines, manuscripts in embryo. Alongside the table a great cushioned chair engulfs a someone. We shall make the inventory before he moves. He is in evening dress. Somewhere there has been a ball at which the eve of a new Lent was celebrated; and from it he has lately come. The clock—one ticks above the fireplace—there is a fireplace—remarks that the time is early morning. Roy, call him that if the name pleases you, is weary, mayhaps wined well, but not—even slightly—too well. His patent leather pumps rest on the table-

edge, his lips are closed upon a cigarette. He seems musing, meditative, and that is not unlike him, for he is a poet, a playwright, or, should I say, has ambitions of becoming one.

The bell of the telephone sounds, again, and once more. He regards it knashingly; his lip-movements are inaudible, which is well, as there are ladies in the audience. With worthy effort he grasps the offending instrument by the neck.

ROY. Hello—hel—what? (*he catches the on-coming voice and his own grows several shades more pleasing.*)
Yes, this is me—
Yes, I am here—Sure I agree
With everything you say—You may.
As if you'd really stay away
If you were told to.—Come, I said,
Come up!—What said?—Am I in bed?
(*The bed stands in a far corner: he glances towards it*)
I'm no ventriloquist. (*replacing the receiver*)
Dahmphool;
He thinks I'm in a boarding school.
But two G. M., and asking me
If I'm in bed! Most nights at three
I'm yet away.—But I should say
'Tis late—or early—in the day
For callers. (*He flirts the ashes from his cigarette. His thoughts come half aloud*)
It is like him though;
One ne'er can know when he will blow
Around. Still Al's my Pal-About,
A scout without, I've little doubt,
An equal. Yes—a millionaire,
Whose airs so fair, so debonair,
I dare say, are beyond compare—
In truth too good for wealth.

(*Enter Al likewise in evening dress. The mark of college, and an expensive one, is upon him. Evidently there are brains within his handsome head, but he prefers to let others do his thinking. He respects learning, but refuses to experiment with it. He seems perfectly contented with himself, everything, everybody, and is modestly aware of his own position. At a boarding school, he would likely sleep until nine, then ring for breakfast.*)

AL. (*blithely uncertain of welcome*) 'Lo pal,
And how's your goat.
ROY (*good humoredly*). I've got it, Al.
Carstairs or Scotch? (*toujours prèt*).
AL (*sanctimoniously*). Oh, never mind,
Two hours have gone since last I've wined—
'Tis Lent. (*He sits on the table's edge*).
ROY (*laudare*). Old fellow you've done well.
AL. By your gauge, yes. But will you tell
What made you leave the ball tonite?
You found some comedy to write,—
Or you were tired?
ROY (*George Bernard S.*). Yes, tired of all,—
The full-dressed men—'*tis* comical—
The half-dressed maidens on their arms
Birth-barms up-dressed and dressed-up charms.
AL. Not all. I've seen a diff'rent one.
Did you meet Aline Anderson?
ROY. I did, and much to my regret
She got my name wrong when we met.
She thought that I was you, and strayed
'Round after me as if afraid
The millions would get lost.
AL (*the Vindicator, scandalized*). You're stewed,
Your rude alludings sound quite crude
When spoken of such celsitude.
And please have care whom you deride;
Aline some day will be my bride.
ROY. Man, you were only met tonite;
Did she so soon suggest the rite?
AL. She did not, and she doesn't know
That I am me. I'll wed her, though
I must confess to my regret,
Aline knows nothing of it yet;
But soon I'll ask her.
ROY (*worldly wise*). She'll accept:
A million dollars never kept
A maid from getting married.
AL (*With the proper spirit*). So
You think of her? Here's what I'll do:
Let her suppose that you are me,
And I am you; and we shall see
Who'll win her.
ROY (*the cynic*). I don't want to win,
And as you can't without your tin,
I like your plan: No one can lose.
AL. But I shall win. I'll make her choose
Me, thinking that I'm you.—And you—
Would you not marry?
ROY (*who can be humorously serious*). If I knew
A gay young girl who galled at gold
As I, my glad arms would enfold
Her to myself. I'd wed to-day—
AL. Or after lent.
ROY (*resignedly*). Howe'er I may
As well get used to bach'lorhood,
For plainly my ideal's too good
To come in skirts.
AL (*impressively challenging*). Well, I shall win
Her without gold. Say we begin
Tonite our interchange. You go
To my old mansion, just as though
You lived there. I'll stay here.
ROY (*challenged but unimpressed*). Agreed.
AL. By Easter Sunday, I'll succeed
Or give up my attempt. My cars
My name, my everything are yours,
And your income is mine.
ROY (*the alarmist*). My debts
Are also yours; you'll have regrets;
My income won't buy cigarettes.
AL (*not open to alarm or interruption*).
Remember, Easter we will dine
With you—Aline and I—and mine
Will she be then. (*As if dismisssing an unwelcome guest—sans politeness*). Now, if you'll go
To my—to your—old mansion so
I can retire, I'll telephone
The servants, and tell them you own
The place.....I'm tired.
ROY (*insouciantly*). If you wish, I
Shall go.

(*He rises indifferently, cloaks himself, transfers his 'silk' from the piano to his head, reaches for a manuscript, pockets it, and lights a cigarette; all in one*

slow continuous movement. At the threshold he pauses.)

ROY (*best wishes*). Good-bye, and luck.

AL (*confoundedly complacent*). Good-bye.

(*Roy is gone. Al looks around as if awakening in a strange place, then laughs aloud. He is undoing his stock-bow when hidden by the*

CURTAIN.

THE PLAY.

THE TIME IS EASTER.

As the curtain climbs, the gallery gaze is caught by the gleams from a shaded hanging lamp, fallen about a round table on which stands an Easter bowl of unmatched colored eggs. Half within the shadow of the green shade sits, or rather reclines, a young man whom memory places; and memory brings him in posture undifferent. His eyes look toward the table, his heels are doing dents in the polished mahogany, his cigarette in hand self-spends its length. But other than the soft green half-light,—shadowy, soothing, somnolent—the room observes no semblance to the old; more ordered, more ostentatious is the ornamentation, the furnishings. However, the young man has been there long enough to make the air give in each breathing his own *recherché* carelessness. A hat is hung upon a wall lamp, a meerschaum colored cane over curves an unclosed book-case door, on the floor lay April magazines in orderly disorder. Roy (for, as you already know, the fellow is no other) is lost in reverie, languorous, half aloud.

ROY. This is the life, but not for me;
Pink pekoe tea and I agree
Like royal relatives. 'Tis all
A fake, a fraud, chimerical.
No Lent e'er offered less delight,
No Easter-dawn e'er seemed more bright
Than this. 'Tis but a weary load;
A million dollars incommode
My spirit like a straight lace. Maids
And footmen get my capra—aids
I think *not*. Neither do I like
That butler guy. He doesn't strike
My appetite with what he serves.
The staring scarecrow's on my nerves
With his *a la Francaise* dope.
The Cockney says "Sirr—er— I 'ope
You'll like this h'omelet," and brings
Me paper decorated things
In silver dishes and tureens.—
I'd rather have hot dogs and beans,
But during Lent, I should assent
To quadragesimal torment.
Perhaps our fortune-swap cabal
Has favored Al and he's a pal,
So I'll not crab. I wonder how
It ended. Will she be his *frau*,
Or "love him as a sister."
(*He starts suddenly.*) Well!—
They're coming now, I hear the bell.
(*He regards his watch.*)
I hadn't thought it turned so late.—
I wonder, am I here in wait
To celebrate a cheering mate,
Or cheer a mateless celibate?
If she consents to share his life
On my income, he'll have a wife
He should be proud of.

(*Enter the Butler. He is tall, dark, sublimely serious, and shaven. His face looks as if it has never smiled and doesn't expect to.*)

BUTLER (*floundering*). Sirr—er—my
Er—my old marster, mister—why
He and a—

ROY. For the love of Mike
Bring them in. Beat it.

(*At a wall button, the butler pushes light into the room, then exits solemnly.*)

ROY (*goat gotten*). I don't like
That butler.

(*Enter Al and Aline, they are evidently in that exquisite paradise wherein dwell lovers when engaged. He looks as if he had just inherited the United Kingdom with all adjoining territory. Her smile reveals the most perfect teeth ever designed for creation. She has violet eyes, long black lashes, lustrous, wavy auburn hair.*)

AL (*the exhilarator*). Hello, Roy, old boy,
Did Easter bunnies bring the joy?
I see they brought the eggs.

ROY (*exhilarated*). They did;
With joy my cup's so full, the lid
Won't fit. Why, two so gay as you
Give more than Lent could half undo.

ALINE. How complimenting is your wit!
I might tell how delightful it
Does seem to be your guest, if I
Possessed your pleasing tongue.

ROY (*gallantly*). And by
Your sharper wit my own is praised.
The clever compliment enphrased
Marks you the master *bel-esprit*,
And boomerangs the courtesy.
(*All are now standing about the table.*)

AL. Come, cut the gracious argument,
You're both *charmingly* eloquent.

ALINE. Well, I admit defeat.

ROY (*mentally squeezing her hand*). Instead
You've won. I've lost my heart and head.
Al's right—or half: *You've* charming wit.—

AL. And tongue that makes good use of it.
But let's crack eggs to see who'll buy
A stall for 'Watch Your Step.' I'll try
This pointed pink one.

ALINE (*amused*). An o'ergrown
Child.

(*Enter Butler.*)

BUTLER (*funeral-toned*). Sirr-er please, the telephone.

ROY. All right, I'll go. (*Exit Butler.*)
(*A la Chesterfield*). You'll pardon me?

(*Exit Roy.*)

AL. This house is pretty.

ALINE. I agree
With you, 'tis beautiful; and yet
I shouldn't want it. I'd regret
My life, were I to live it here.

I once wished wealth, but you, my dear,
Have shown me that 'tis all a sham.
Since our engagement, Al, I am
So glad we're poor.

AL (*with philanthropic pride*). Aline, you're wrong.
I kept the secret for you long;
You'll have this house, and wealth you'll share,
For, truly, I'm the millionaire,
The Poet, Roy—an interchange
Of names and dwellings. It is strange,
But, dear, I wished to win your love
For what I *am*, not owner of.

ALINE. It cannot be.

AL (*as on a bible*). Aline, 'tis true.

ALINE. Then I can never marry you,
I can't.

AL (*bewildered*). You break off our affair
Because I am a millionaire?
Why, that's ridiculous.

ALINE. 'Tis not
Ridiculous at all.

AL (*convincingly*). 'Tis rot,
Fool rot.

ALINE (*unconvinced*). No, Al, 'tis not. I can't
Live in this place, a hot-house plant,
With maids and butlers to endure.
The man I marry must be poor,
He *must* be poor.

AL (*alas, alas*). I've woo'd too well,
I'll leave you lone. Perhaps this spell
Will pass.

ALINE (*succinctly*). It won't. (*Exit Al.*)
(*With glistening eyes*). What can I do?—
My friends, my mother, my trousseau!

(*Enter Roy from the telephone alcove. He has heard nothing.*)

ROY. Aline, if call you so I dare,
'Twas from your home, a lawyer's there.
He's driving here.

ALINE. On such a day,
What can he want?

ROY. He didn't say
Altho it seems important. Where
Is Al?

ALINE (*glibly*). Inhaling Easter air
And Pall Malls in the garden. Is
It true that this great house is his?

ROY. 'Tis true.

ALINE (*concerned*). And are you poor?

ROY (*amused at idle curiosity*). Well, I
Suppose I am. I couldn't buy
A Ford.

ALINE (*impulsively*). Roy, will you marry me?

ROY. What's that? Have you sincerity?
Aline, you should at least prepare
A man for such a startling scare.—
I thought that you and Al—

ALINE. That's o'er
We've broken our engagement, for
I'll never wed a millionaire—
I want a poor man.

ROY (*his Galatea found*). Aline, dear,
You have my heart. I'll marry you.

ALINE. I'm glad. (*And relieved.*)

(*Enter Butler.*)

BUTLER. A gentleman's 'ere who
Would see Miss Anderson.

ROY. The one
Who phoned. He speeded.

(*Exit Butler. Exit Aline.*)

ALINE (*as she goes out*). We'll tell none
About it yet.

ROY (*alone*). I never thought
That poverty should so have caught
A maiden's heart. (*He lights a cigarette, sits down, and, bending his knees over the leathern chair-arm, smokes contentedly.*)

(*Enter Al.*)

AL (*speaking as he comes*). Roy, by the way,
Have you yet sold your latest play?

ROY. Not yet.

AL. I'll buy it; I shall try
Producing for a season.

ROY (*with usual generosity*). Why
There's little use of that. Just take
It.

AL. No, I want to pay.

ROY (*indifferent*). Well, make
It roy'lties then.

AL (*businesslike*). I want to pay
Outright.

ROY. Well, anything you say.
(*With sudden thought he draws a fountain-pen and note-book from his pocket, and writes. He rises*).
Take this receipt—fill in th' amount—
The money paid's of small account.
Just send a check sometime.....I'll get
The manuscript. (*Exit Roy.*)

AL (*alone*). So he will let
Me make the price? Well, it is high.
(*Drawing a check book from an inner pocket, he writes*):
One million dollars—Really I
Know none more worthy, and I'll have
Aline. I like the plan—I save
A slipping bride, and give a pal
A fortune—that's quite practical.
(*Opening the table drawer he takes out an envelope, and addresses it.*)
First National Bank, Fifth Avenue;
I'll post it now.

(*Exit Al. Enter Aline. Passing at the door.*)

AL (*over his shoulder*). I've news for you.

ALINE. And I for you.
(*alone*). To think that my
Old uncle should have died, and I
Am found to be his heir.

(*Enter Roy.*)

ALINE. Oh, Roy,
Together, dearest, we'll enjoy
And spend my fortune. Here's the will
The lawyer brought. I'm now a mill—
It's hard to say—a millionaire.
For money neither of us care,
But we'll produce your plays.

ROY (*gathering with a dreamer's mind*). You, too,
Have money?

ALINE (*apologetically*). Yes, 'tis really true
My wealthy uncle died.

ROY (*the game is up*). But now
We cannot marry. You know how
The people'd talk. They say 'twas for
Your money. No, a bachelor
Is better lived, than one whose bride
Has millions.
ALINE (*meltingly*). That my uncle died
Is not my fault.
ROY (*unmelted. To hearten her*). Nor mine. Why don't
You marry Al. His fortune won't
Conflict you now that you're by fate
In fortune, too, unfortunate.
ALINE. I shall.—He's coming now (*heartened*).
(*Enter Al.*)
AL (*all's well with the world*). Aline,
You'll marry me.
ALINE (*beaten to it*). Yes.
AL (*surprised*). Do you mean
It? Why, you can't already know—
ALINE. I've news I want to tell you so—
AL. Don't hinder me, you lovely elf,
I want to talk about myself.
ALINE. Yes, most men do, but go ahead.
AL. You've kept *your* head, but lose instead
Your heart: I'm poor now, we can wed.
ALINE. You're poor?
ROY (*dryly*). I'll bite; what joke?
AL (*proud possessor of poverty*). Why, yes,
I'm broke; I'm now quite fortuneless;
I spent it all; I bought a play.
ALINE. You bought a play?
ROY (*dawning suspicion*). What's that you say?
AL. I bought your play and posted you
A million dollar check.
ALINE. I do
Not understand.
ROY (*et tu Brute*). Your scheme was neat.
I'll not accept.
AL. I've your receipt.
ALINE. Yes, keep it, Roy—Al, read this will.
I didn't know of it until
The lawyer came a while ago.
My uncle died, and I am, so
It says, the only living heir—
AL. Your uncle? Not the millionaire!
ALINE. The same.
AL (*perusing the will*). Alas! I see 'tis true—
First National Bank, Fifth Avenue,
Is where 'tis all deposited,—
The same as Roy's. I always did
My banking there.
ALINE (*in Paradise*). Oh, I'm so glad;
You'll have exactly what you had,
And Roy now has the same.
AL (*it hurts me more than you*). But do
You think that I shall marry you?
I can't. You wouldn't marry me
When I had wealth. Now I am free
And you are not.
ALINE (*leaving Paradise*). But don't you love
Me?
AL. More than I can tell you of.
Did you love me when you refused?
(*She replies not, save with her eyes. He goes on.*)
I couldn't wed you if I choosed.
You'd always know I married you
When you were rich. You wouldn't do
It, nor can I.
ROY. Al, that's all rot.
The money is yet yours. I'll not
Take it.
AL (*dogged*). What's done I won't undo,
I won't. (*One born every minute.*)
ALINE (*to Roy*). Then can I marry *you*.
ROY. Impossible.
(*Enter Butler.*)
BUTLER (*meekly*). Sirr, pardon me,
I thought, mayhaps, you'd like to see
The paper.
AL (*snapping*). No! Why should I want
To?
BUTLER. Sirr, your name is on the front.
(*He opens a newspaper displaying three-inch headlines:*

FIRST NATIONAL BANK
OF FIFTH AVENUE
INSOLVENT
All Deposits Lost!

(*They stare in amazement. Roy is the first to claim decorum. He can be indifferent to anything.*)
ROY. We none have fortune now, Aline.
I'll marry you.
AL (*witheringly*). What do you mean?
Why, I shall marry her.
ROY (*unwithered*). Well, she
Can choose between us.
AL (*with amused confidence*). I agree.
(*Aline looks oddly at them both, then laughinlgy nears the butler. Her Hector has appeared*).
ALINE. This man has made me happy. He's
The one I give my hand to. Please,
Sir, will you marry me?
(*The Butler is astonished, amazed; finally in belated comprehension he smiles—for the first time in fourteen years of service*).
BUTLER. Yes, Miss,
Hi never dreamed H'id rise to this.
You make me 'appy.
ROY. I don't like
That butler.
AL. No, he doesn't strike
My fancy. I'll take rock and rye,
I'm glad that Lent's o'er.
ROY. So am I.
(*The Butler has his tray-arm about the shoulder of Aline. He is looking rapturously into her face when the*

CURTAIN

descends. There is applause, much applause—by the ushers. Tthe curtain rises for a moment. Roy and Al have gone—possibly for whiskey or bichloride. Aline and the Butler are unmoved.)
ALINE. At last of happiness I'm sure
I'll have a husband; and he's poor.
BUTLER. Don't worry, Miss, cause Hi am poor
Hi 'ave an h'aunt that's ninety-four
She h'owns a million pounds or more
And Hi'm her only heir.

CURTAIN.

How Exeter Found Out.

BY MARK L. DUNCAN.

EXETER laughed. Then he lit another cigarette. And then he looked again at Chatham.

"So you think the day means something to the people out there, Chatham?" he asked, as he pointed out the window of the Concord Club.

"Why certainly, Exeter. Maybe you doubt it, but it's because you don't know the facts. Haven't you ever observed an Easter Sunday?"

"All Sundays are the same to me—a little more leisure here at the Club—a few more drinks—and perhaps a better dinner. It's always been this way."

"But Easter means so much more than Christmas to most people—especially to those whom you know the least about. Do you know, Exeter, I'd like to see you understand just what Easter means?"

"But I say, Chatham, why all the trouble?"

"For your own good, I might say. If there's any other reason, you're bound to find it out, Exeter."

"Just how do you intend that I shall find it out?"

"By personal investigation, to be sure. Ah, you will pardon me," added Chatham as his name was paged in the corridor.

Exeter was silent for a moment. Then he got up, shook himself together, and called for his coat and hat. A bachelor of middle-age he was probably as joyless as his blasé appearance indicated. But he was willing to learn on this occasion.

"I'll try it once," he muttered, as he went down the steps of his Club.

He hailed a passing taxi-cab and asked to be taken to the retail district. For on the Saturday evening before Easter the shops would be open and no doubt he would run across many people. As he paid the driver his fare Exeter glanced up into his face.

"Tomorrow's Easter, they say," he remarked.

"Well, I should say," replied the driver, "you hain't tellin' me nothin' noo. I nivir fergit that."

"Why, what does it mean to you?" asked Exeter.

"More coin," he replied laconically. "Why, man, they's people as goes to church Easter what don't go no other time o' the year. And most of 'em thinks they have to ride, too. It's a great bunch, these Easter church-goers."

And he chug-chugged away.

Already someone had caused Exeter to think for a moment. He struck off down the busy little street, and peered into the shops. It looked something like a spring-time Christmas, for the windows were gaily decorated and the people seemed to be happy. Farther down the street was hung the sign "Hans Schmidt—Poultry and Eggs." It did not grace a very prepossessing little store, but the stocky, red-cheeked Hans graced the doorway.

"Good evening," said Exeter, to the fat, little German.

"Goot efenin'."

"How much are eggs worth to-day?"

"Two shilling a dutzend."

"Isn't that rather extraordinary, sir?" asked Exeter, who had not the slightest knowledge of the price of an egg, nor did he care particularly to find out.

"*Ach, nein*—always higher at Ostern dann in sommer."

"Yes, I know," answered Exeter. "What do you think of Easter, anyway?"

"I—Ostern—de vun big time von de year. It brings me much money, for de kids will all haf Ostern eggs. Ach, I sell so many fine eggs. Goose eggs sell fast. *Siehst du?*" he said, as he pointed to a big basket of this wonderful variety of eggs in his window. *Ach Himmel!* I vish it ten times oftener came. Boys und girls haf such a goot time—und I—" he smiled broadly and knowingly as he followed a customer into the store toward the basket of goose eggs.

"It's mostly a commercial spirit," mused Exeter, as he walked away. He was doubtful if the day meant anything so good as Chatham had pictured. As he crossed an intersecting street he saw a swarthy little flower-girl standing beside a heap of multi-colored, fragrant blossoms. She held up a bunch of Easter lilies, almost in mockery before the eyes of this skeptic, and he was tempted to turn aside without looking at them. But on a mission such as his it would not be just the logical thing to do. So he went up to the little stand.

"Aren't these lilies rather rare for street-flowers?" he inquired.

"No—no—Easter lilee," answered the little

Italian, her black eyes twinkling at the thought of so handsome a customer. "Eet maka fine bouquet—see?" And she held up to her face the pure white lilies which contrasted so severely with her dark skin.

"What could I do with them?" asked Exeter, helplessly.

"A sweetheart—no?" And the child smiled. "Geev them to the church—oh—fine bouquet—eet maka altar beautiful—see?"

"I haven't any church," replied Exeter, half sadly.

"No church—no?—everybody have church—you—me—everybody," and she swung her lithe arms to make it more emphatic. Clearly, to be without a church was a state of affairs that the little Italian could not comprehend. Exeter handed the child a bill and carried away the bunch of lilies. A smile seemed to quiver about his lips, and before he had gone a half-block he looked back at this earnest little saleslady, who was just receiving a few pennies for a faded bunch of hyacinth.

"There must be something in it after all. These people seem happy—the chauffeur, the butcher, the flower-girl—all of them." Thus Exeter philosophized as he went along the street. A brilliantly lighted window caught his eye, and he went up to it. It was a milliner's window, and the gaily trimmed bonnets were crowded into the small show-space. He gazed at this motley array of lace, straw, ribbons, and flowers. "Easter Specials," they were labeled.

"Everything's Easter," muttered Exeter. "It's maddening." Then he smiled again. Somehow it seemed a little easier to smile now. Perhaps it was because he wondered what Chatham would say if he found him looking into this bonnet-filled window that belonged to Mlle. Laurette.

He went inside. Mlle. Laurette seemed nonplussed. Why shouldn't she at the sight of this dapper man, carrying a cluster of lilies? It was a strange happening for her little shop.

"What ees—Monsieur?"

Exeter suddenly realized how foolish was his position.

"My—ah—wife needs—yes, my wife asked me to get a hat for her maid. Perhaps you can help me out." Had he asked for one for himself, he would probably have felt more at ease.

Mam'selle looked at him again, sized him up rather carefully, tripped over to the window, and brought forth the gayest creation of them all.

"That one will do," said Exeter.

"*Mon Dieu!*" Mlle. Laurette gasped. It was the costliest one in her emporium. "Eet ees beautiful," she added, taking a last glimpse at the flimsy thing before she laid it in its box.

"Eet will be a grand Easter for—for the maid, *n'est ce pas?*" said Laurette, smiling, but not daring to meet his eyes.

"Yes—for the maid," returned Exeter.

He left the shop, his walking-stick and the lilies in one hand, and the hat-box held tight under his other arm. He was still a little doubtful. "They seem to like the money end of the day, just as does everybody else," he concluded.

As he turned the corner into another street Exeter saw coming a young man who was humming an air as gaily as if he were on the stage. It seemed strange that the young fellow should be acting in this manner on the street. The lad stopped close beside Exeter, evidently looking for a car, although he still kept up the tune.

"I'll investigate," thought Exeter, "it's part of my evening's work."

"Just what's the occasion for this song?" he asked abruptly.

The young man stopped singing suddenly, turned, and eyed the bachelor closely.

"It's an Easter melody," he replied. "I've just been to the Cathedral listening to the choir rehearsing its Easter music. It was wonderful! Do you like music?"

"I go to the opera occasionally."

"But this is even more beautiful. The "Hallelujah Chorus" was divine—and the vaulted ceiling fairly shook. Church music is so inspiring, especially at Easter, don't you think?" queried the youth.

"I've never heard any," replied Exeter.

"What!—never heard any Easter music!" the young man exclaimed. "Impossible! But you shall. You must go with me to church tomorrow morning. The boys' voices are sublime, and the music will thrill you. Meet me at the Cathedral at ten o'clock."

"I have half a notion to go," replied Exeter. But he remembered an engagement he had made to go on a hunt. But the importance of Easter had begun to get hold of him.

"If I—"

"Here's my car," interrupted the youth

as he darted out into the street. "I'll look for you," he called from the rear platform.

Exeter's smile was more pronounced than ever, and behind it there was an expression of intense thought. He watched the car out of sight and then hastened down the street toward the avenue, intending to go back to the Club. But another person caught his eye—an aged woman this time. She was a sweet-faced old lady, one who might attract attention any place. As she crossed the alley she tripped and fell. Exeter rushed toward her, dropped his hat box and flowers and helped her to her feet.

"Are you hurt?" he inquired anxiously.

"No, sir, I think not. I thank you so much for helping me," she replied.

"Have you far to go, madam?"

"Only a few blocks." And she named her street.

"It's too far to walk," said Exeter and he hailed a taxi-cab. He thrust the little old lady into it and gave the driver her number. Before he closed the door he handed the lilies to the surprised old soul.

"Oh, what beautiful Easter lilies! Are they all for me? They're the first I've had for years, and I'll take them to the church for the Easter service."

"Do, and remember that they have given me my first Easter," said Exeter as he closed the door. The taxi-cab rumbled away.

Exeter strolled into the Club a few minutes later, unconscious of Mlle. Laurette's hat-box under his arm. He met Chatham just inside.

"What do you mean, Exeter, by carrying a little French milliner's box around like this?" demanded Chatham.

"That's—why Chatham—in that box is the Easter bonnet for my wife's maid," said Exeter smiling.

"Easter bonnet for your wife's maid! Are you mad, Exeter?" Chatham grasped him by the shoulders and peered into his eyes.

"It's part of my Easter spirit," he explained, as he released himself. He stepped into the elevator and named his floor. As the lift went slowly upward he called out to his good friend below:

"I say, Chatham, you're going to the Cathedral with me to-morrow at ten o'clock. Do you hear?"

Chatham heard and was glad.

A Dream Voyage.

BY JOHN URBAN RILEY.

LAST night I dreamed of a summer's day,
And a sparkling sun-lit sea;
Of a single sail that bellied and puffed,
As you were there, side of me.

It seemed that as we sailed, we sang
Those songs of long ago,
Those songs of the happy days now dead,
That passed with the winter's snow.

The dancing sea we sailed upon,
Threw crystals o'er our stem,
And the sun wove silver in our wake,
With every bubble a gem.

And on we sailed, far out, to where
The day dips in the blue,
Till far behind the smoky land
Was left, but I had you.

Then Night, with loving tenderness,
Drew down her curtain far,
And while warm breezes lulled the waves,
She pinned it with a star.

Yet sailed we o'er the heaving sea,
Till dawn of a new day,
Bid us return to land again,
And took you, dear, away.

Tonight again I'll pray, and wait
Till dreams bring you, dear heart,
To sail with me that summer sea,
Till grey dawn bids us part.

A Soldier's Vision.

BY TIMOTHY P. GALVIN.

THE ambulances had stood for many hours in front of St. Joseph's Hospital waiting for the summons that would come as soon as the Battle of the Volgar was over. At last the distant roar of cannon began to grow faint; the end of the fight was near. It was almost dark, however, before the neatly clad nurses and gruff surgeons armed with the usual supply of anæsthetics, scalpels and bandages came out of the hospital and took their places in the ambulances. The word was soon given and the long line of machines sped off toward the battlefield.

The sun had long since disappeared when the ambulances reached the scene of the fight, but the moon had not yet risen. The clear sky was dotted with a million stars that served only to intensify the blackness of the ground which a few hours before had quivered beneath the roar of giant cannon and the tramping of ten thousand feet. The air was still heavy with smoke and dust, but there had come over the field a comparative stillness that was disturbed only by the moans of the wounded and occasionally by the piercing shrieks of the dying.

In a few moments the field seemed suddenly reanimated. The surgeons and the ambulance men rushed over the battleground, each lighting his way with a powerful electric flashlight, that dashed a stream of light hither and thither amongst the piles of dead and wounded. Ghastly wounds, shattered bodies, headless corpses, quivering flesh, glassy eyes and agonized faces,—all were revealed by the searching lights. The men worked fast, brutally fast it seemed. The dead bodies were rolled aside; the dying received only some powerful drug that lessened their pain; and the less seriously wounded were speedily borne to the ambulances and hurried away to the hospital.

Amongst the hundreds of other boys who had first seen war in all its horror on that day was Leo Rosting. He fought bravely and well,—as well and as bravely as any boy who should have been at his mother's knee and not on the battlefield could be expected to fight. He had followed his valiant captain from one trench to another leaping over the dead bodies of enemies and friends and knowing not what he did. He struggled on until the middle of the afternoon when a shrapnel shell burst beside him. A flying bit of steel gashed Rosting's cheek and another larger piece tore a gaping hole in his side. His comrades now pressed on over Leo's limp body just as he had pressed on over the bodies of others.

Rosting lay where he had fallen until long after dark. A surgeon came hurrying along the trench. His light revealed three bodies lying together, one beneath the other two. He examined the upper bodies and rolled them aside. He flashed his light upon Rosting's bloody face. A groan told him that the soldier yet lived, so he quickly called two attendants.

"Here, rush this fellow to the wagons," he told them. "He may have a chance."

Rosting was lifted to a stretcher and carried across the field to the machines. The movements seemed to pain him, for his moans soon turned into shrieks and curses. He was placed in an ambulance along with several other sufferers and was hurried on his way to the hospital.

A nurse was in the ambulance doing what she could to relieve the suffering of the wounded men. She loosened Rosting's uniform which was stiff with blood. She washed the blood from his face and hands and bound his wounds with temporary bandages. He gradually became quiet and at last he opened his eyes and looked at the nurse. She smiled quietly upon him and then turned to the next man. Rosting seemed to watch her in a half-conscious way as she ministered to the other men; as he watched he fell asleep.

The unfortunate Rosting remained in a delirious condition for many days. His wounds were of a very serious character and for a time it seemed that they would prove fatal. He finally rallied however, and shook off his delirium. When he regained consciousness he was in a much weakened condition and his recovery proved very slow. His mind naturally turned to the cause of his wounds, but he could recall nothing about the manner in which they had been inflicted. He was told that he had fought bravely in the battle; but he could recall no battle. He remembered how he had crossed the Volgar with his company, but after that all was blank,—all save one thing. He recalled a tender, smiling face that was bent over him for a moment, a pair of eyes that met his with a friendly sympathy. He could remember nothing save this vision that summed up for

him all that seemed best and most beautiful in womanhood.

As Leo grew stronger he began to inquire about his injury, and an attendant told him how he had been picked up on the battlefield and brought to the hospital in an ambulance during the night following the battle. He knew then where he had seen his vision. It was in the ambulance. He could see her now turning away from him and caring for others. He followed her again as she passed from one man to another and then—and then he could recall nothing more. However, he was satisfied now that his vision was that of a nurse and he had a strong hope that he would see her in the hospital. He watched the nurses constantly, seeking a face like the vision that was always in his mind,—a vision of beauty, of tenderness and of sympathy, a vision that had crowded everything else out of his memory.

Rosting kept his eyes almost constantly upon the door; each time it opened his face lighted up with hope and each time he was doomed to disappointment, for his vision never came. He lingered in the hospital for weeks, constantly watching for her and constantly, hoping that she would come. He grew stronger and stronger. Soon he was able to walk about in the ward; then he with a few other convalescents attended Mass in the chapel of the hospital each morning; and later he was able to go out and to walk about the streets. He knew that he was well enough to leave the hospital, but still he remained in the hope of finding the nurse whom he had seen only once and then while he was only half conscious.

At last he gave up hope of finding her and one Sunday morning he determined to ask the hospital officials to discharge him. The discharge was readily granted. Leo wished to attend Mass before leaving and hence he went to the chapel. There he found the usual worshippers—a number of the nurses and a few patients. He knelt in his customary place and prayed fervently until the Offertory was reached. Then a hymn was begun and one voice could be heard above all others in the choir. Rosting had never heard this voice before and he listened enraptured. Instinctively he turned and looked into the choir loft; there he saw his vision—a Sister of Charity, standing with eyes lifted toward Heaven, her countenance beaming with reverent joy as she sang: "He is Risen."

Spring.

MID skies so blue and scenes so fair,
The birds in merry chorus sing—
How April ushered in the spring
And banished winter's duller care.

They sing of hopes again renewed;
Of joy and mirth so long held down;
How spring has conquered winter's frown,
And man with newer life imbued.

Then too they sing another note,
A more prophetic strain of song;
Of other joys and skies more blue;
Of better days not far remote,
That summer yet will bring along—
They sing of love and dreams made true.

Andrew L. McDonough.

An Easter Recollection.

BY RAY HUMPHREYS.

SOMEHOW or other I never enjoy Easter any more. The name always recalls memories which are far from pleasant, and naturally enough, like most other persons, I don't care much for unhappy recollections. It seems I never can hear the word "Easter" without forming a vivid mental image of an ominous personage who once unfortunately crossed my horizon.

It was the night before Easter,—some years back. The Managing Editor called me into his office. I happened to be the only man in the reporter's room at that moment.

"Grab your hat, Gushwell," said he, "I'm putting you on a rather important assignment,—a scoop in fact. To-morrow's Easter, you know, and here our ship reporter just phones in that the Czar or the High Mucky-Muck of Easter Island arrived a few minutes ago on the Eggnastia from Buenos Aires,—he's up at the Alta Prica. Interview him on the war—" (They were scrapping in the Balkans at that time)—"and write me up a two-column feature,—and get the copy here in time for the mail editions."

"Yes sir," I gasped, "but what sort of a heathen is he?"

"How do I know?" snapped the M. E. "Jap or Chink most likely—now you go get that story, and if you don't, you needn't return here!"

I arrived breathless at the Alta Prica and catapulted nimbly to the desk. The smartly ornamented clerk regarded me with astonishment and suspicion. Plainly my precipitous entrance had interested him. He was all eyes.

"Howdy," I chirped between gasps, "I want to see the Big Mogul, the Grand Dinky-Dink of Easterville. What's his room?"

"Whom?" inquired the cherub behind the counter, grasping the inkwell for support.

"The Honorable Kink—or Exalted Mugwumps, or whatever he is, who's hibernating here."

"Really I cawn't understand—" began the clerk, evidently perturbed.

"Well here," says I, "listen to me. I want to see the Big Boss—the Duke of the South Seas—the Czar of Easter Island."

"We certainly have no such imaginary personage here," chirped the clerk decisively.

"He's here, all right," I hastened to assure him, "but he's probably travelling under a cognomen. He's a Chink, you know, or a Jap."

"Surely you have come to the wrong place," exclaimed the clerk, "there's only one Japanese here—"

"Then show me to him," I demanded, remembering I had to make the mail editions.

"But—" objected the clerk, releasing the inkwell long enough to clutch at his wilting collar.

"Immediately," I exclaimed hoarsely, "show me to that Jap!"

"You are an escaped nut," challenged the clerk, edging towards an electric button.

"Nut?" I bellowed, "my name's Gushwell, of the *Daily Blattoon*, sent up hither to see that Jap fellow, and by hicky, I will see him!"

"Very well," muttered the clerk. "Front, show this gentleman to Taso's room."

"Taso, so that's the name the High Spondoodle took, is it?" I grunted. But the clerk merely stared nervously and collapsed into his chair. Then I followed the bellboy into the elevator, and we shot up several stories. Alighting we felt our way gingerly along a dark passage way, and eventually I rapped modestly on a little narrow door. I thought I heard a voice bid me enter, so I opened the door quietly and stepped in. The room was dark, candidly I was slightly embarrassed. I saw a chair and sat down, and almost broke my neck—the chair had fractured its leg some time previously. My vivid epithets of heated surprise aroused mine host from his nap. He sat up suddenly,—peered at me, and then grunted discreetly several times in succession. The ice was broken.

"Yes sar, it's me," I began awkwardly, "you are Mr. Taso?"

"Ya," he replied kindly as he slid off the bed and succeeded in raising the shade. Some daylight crept in, and I was greatly astounded. The Big Stick of Faster Island was shabbily dressed, and what was worse, the room was very dirty. Nevertheless, I never for a moment forgot I was in august company, and I did not hesitate to immediately drop to all fours and rub my forehead energetically in the dust at the feet of his Majesty. I knew such a ceremony was in vogue in heathen countries, and I reasoned some such little outburst of respect would greatly please the Sultan. It did, I guess, for he grunted, and I instantly arose bowing twice as I did so. His Highness bowed stiffly in reply.

"Well," I began, remembering to lapse into pigeon English, "me Gushwell—very glad to meet your Majesty. Me reporter *Daily Blattoon*, your honor, and me come to chin-chin with you about the Balkan trouble. Me print your words to-morrow in paper. Savvy?"

The Head Cheese blinked.

"Get me?" I inquired.

"Huh?"

"Me reporter. Me put your say-so in paper,—see?" I chanted.

"Ho' much?"

"What's that?" I asked with poised pen. The interview was coming.

"Wota cos?"

"Cost?—cost you, you mean? Why, absolutely nothing, my dear sir!"

"Las' one me pay twentee cen," and the chief exposed a row of yellow pearls.

"Twenty cents for an interview, your Highness, preposterous! Surely not in this city!"

"Ya," replied his Imperial Nibs firmly.

Good night scoop! Somebody had been ahead of me, and had swindled his Majesty out of some money as well. I was beaten. But I determined to see the thing through. I would expose this petty graft palmed on a foreign ruler by some unscrupulous fellow journalist. It was plainly my duty.

"When did this blatant outrage occur?" I questioned, making a few rapid notes on my pad.

"Huh?"

"What sort of a-looking guy took your coin, and when?" I pursued undauntedly.

"Huh?"

"Who appropriated your money?" I repeated excitedly.

"Ya," affirmed the Sovereign, nodding his head vigorously.

"What?" I demanded.

"Huh?"

"Never mind, never mind," I said quickly. "Now Mr. Taso, what is your official opinion as Emperor of Easter Island on this Balkan war affair? Do you countenance it as justifiable?"

"Huh?"

"The question is, what do you, as king, think of the Balkan war?"

"Ya."

"You think it justifiable?"

"Huh?"

"Perhaps you think it no—justifiable, eh?"

"Huh?"

"I say, what do you think of Balkan war—good, bum, or medium?" And I smiled genially, then frowned, then shrugged my shoulders. Sign language.

"Huh?"

"Well, I'll be jiggered, you're a great monarch, you are. Listen you— how about war,—you know, war,—shoot! bang—cannons, war, war! big scrap—kill—shoot—cut—big fight. What you think, eh?"

Huh?" And his Highness fixed a bland gaze upon me. Dark bubbles of perspiration trembled on his brow.

"Well, confound you, listen to me, will ya? What about the Balkan broil? Big battle,—I killum—you killum—everybody killum—big racket! Howitzers—torpedoes, Zeppelins,—submarines,—balloons, you know, gas bags. Shoot! Bang! Shoot! Charge! Halt! Bang! Bang!"

"Huh!" and before I could get in another word that blame Jap was off the bed and shooting down the corridor at about eighty per. I decided he had gone for an interpreter,—we needed one surely. Ah, then I would get my story. I began to dope out my opening paragraphs. I could hear the City Editor chuckling in glee over the story; I could see the Managing Editor blue-pencil it to the first page, top, right, in all the morning editions. My name would be spilled in red ink at the head of the story. I should be famous.

How long I waited I don't know. I began to suspect his Majesty of not returning, but suddenly I heard the elevator stop—something—or several somethings, got out,—it sounded like a regiment. I arose hastily, but too late,—a big policeman barred the door. Behind him stood that clerk and behind him was the Royal Guest, and behind him a brace of bell-hops. But what surprised me most was the fact that the officer had his colt embedded in my shirt-front. I stiffened. Then he whispered to me, "Come along, now 'tis the Gr-rand Dook av Centril Stashun wishes to confab wid yes, an O'im to escort yez to his palace; come gently, now." And he propelled me swiftly down to the elevator.

Downstairs into the brilliant rotunda I was marched. Instantly a crowd of idle rich gathered. I felt dazed, paralyzed. My brain refused to fathom my desperate situation. The policeman was still explaining how we were to wait for the royal motor to take us to the Palace, when a man with a familiar face hove in sight. It was Leigh of the *Clarion*—a deadly rival. He stared at me, then wheeled on the clerk.

"Why, I know this man," he said, "he's no lunatic!"

So the policeman reluctantly released my right arm.

"Why, doggone it," I blurted thickly, "it's the Head Nut himself who is bugs,—King of Easter Island, I should smile!"

"What's thot?" asked a heavily be-whiskered gentleman advancing.

"I said—" I began hotly.

Again Leigh stepped forward.

"For heaven's sake, calm yourself, Gushwell," he whispered, "this is the King of Easter Island you're talking to now,—I just shot a corking story into the *Clarion* about him—scooped the town!"

"What? then who in blazes is that yellow donkey over there?" I yelled, pointing to the Jap.

The clerk grinned from ear to ear.

"Taso is our new window washer, hired yesterday," he said.

If that policeman and Leigh hadn't been standing there, I should have strangled that clerk. As it was I gave him a look he will never forget. Then amid the giggling, I stalked out,—scoopless—my career on the *Daily Blattoon* was at an end.

And that's why I can't enjoy Easter any more. The word has an unpleasant taste, you know.

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—Nearly all the Universities in the country that attempt to play scientific football are now holding a kindergarten class in modern football, which will continue till the end of the term. It has become a recognized fact that constant study is required the whole year around, if one would master the fine points of this intricate game, and that is it impossible for any college to turn out a heady football team without this serious study. Spring practice, therefore, must necessarily precede the Fall training so that the new members may be able to start on a nearly equal footing with the old ones, otherwise a coach would lose much valuable time teaching new men the rudimentary points that should have been learned before the football season opened. This year we have followed the example of other schools and have started a serious course in Spring practice. The effect of this daily work is already evidenced in many of the Freshmen who came here with little knowledge of the game and have been whipped into shape by constant drilling. If this practice continues till June, as it does in other Universitites, and should here, we can be sure that the men who report in September will not be green material, and the Fall practice can be devoted to teaching fine points of football rather than rudiments.

Spring Practice.

Local News.

—Rehearsals have started for "The Girl of the Golden West," the Senior play which will be staged in the latter part of April in Washington Hall. The play calls for a large cast of Seniors, and it will likely be one of the best productions ever put on the Notre Dame boards.

—Professor Benitz, Father Joseph Burke, Arthur Hayes, Joseph Smith and John Hynes were guests last Sunday at the St. Joseph Farm. They received a royal welcome, looked over the entire place, inspected the prize stock, and were given liberal portions of the food and drink characteristic of the St. Joseph Farm.

—The Hon. John F. Fitzgerald, ex-Mayor of Boston, Mass., will deliver the Commencement address before the graduating class at Notre Dame, Monday evening, June 14. The baccalaureate sermon of June 13, will be preached by the Right Reverend John P. Carroll, D. D., Bishop of Helena, Montana.

—The Day Students' Association will give a dance in American Hall on the evening of April thirteenth. The president of the Association has appointed the following day students in charge of the affair: Michael Nolan, chairman; Lorenzo Rausch, Ernest LaJoie, Paul Edgren, John Riley, Paul Fogarty, Simon Mee, Robert Swintz, Vincent Vaughan, Leo Berner, and James Foley.

—At the debate finals, held last Monday night in Washington Hall, places were awarded as follows: Timothy Galvin, who won the first prize of twenty dollars; Emmett Lenihan, second place with fifteen dollars; Clovis Smith, third place with ten dollars; Patrick Dolan, fourth; George Schuster, fifth, and Ernest LaJoie; sixth. The alternates are Gerald Clements and Bernard Voll. The members of the team will receive monogram watch-fobs.

—The exercises held in St. Joseph Hall last Sunday evening in honor of St. Joseph were of an exceptionally high order. Following the hymn to St. Joseph the opening remarks were made by James E. Sanford. Musical numbers were given by H. R. Parker, P. E. Weiland, T. J. Hoban, R. W. Murray, Hugh O'Donnell, and R. E. Daley; readings by G. E. Windhoffer, R. J. McDonough, and J. J. Reynolds; and talks by J. H. Sylvestre, H. R. Parker, Fathers Lennartz and McNamara. The closing remarks were made by Father Cavanaugh. After the program a lunch and smoker was enjoyed.

The 1915 Basketball Season.

The past season was one of the most successful ever enjoyed by a Gold and Blue basketball team. The record, 14 victories and 3 defeats, tells more eloquently than words the calibre of the team, while the names of the opponents and the many close scores prove that most of the victories were not easy.

The season began with Mills, Capt. Kenny and Finegan playing their old positions at

center, forward and guard, respectively. Coach Harper tried several men in the two vacant places, until finally a combination was formed of the three veterans, Fitzgerald, and Daly, that seemed to work fairly well. However, it must be confessed that the first three games, and especially the unexpected defeat meted out by Lake Forest, cast a decidedly pessimistic tinge over the local fans. The Varsity team work was poor and the shooting worse. After the Northwestern contest, which N. D. won by a great rally in the second half, prospects took a decided turn for the better. There were more and more evidences of the machine-like team work, combined with stellar individual play, that was to characterize the Varsity's work in the final big games of the season. Beloit, South Bend Y. M. C. A., Indiana Dental College, Polish Seminary, and St. Ignatius, were all defeated in a decisive fashion before the locals were put to a real test. These games served to develop the Varsity and smooth off the rough edges, and when the Aggies, practically unbeatable on their home court, were met at Lansing, the team was in first-class condition. Anyone who has ever seen the M. A. C. gym, with its low, arching girders, which necessitate a peculiar manner of basket shooting, knows what difficulties the Gold and Blue had to contend with, yet the Aggies barely won by a lone point. Three days later Wabash was encountered in the local gym in what proved to be the hardest fought battle of several seasons. Time after time one team would draw ahead of the other after a beautiful long toss, or piece of lightning pass work, but in the end, Mills dropped two in the last minute, and gave the Varsity the game by a single goal.

The Varsity machine had now reached its full development, and very few Gold and Blue aggregations have ever excelled it. The Aggies invaded the local court in a return game, and were sent home decisively beaten. The reputation of the local squad had spread far afield, and the Battery A team of Indianapolis, made up of old college stars, sent in a challenge which was duly accepted, and after a fierce battle, Notre Dame collected another scalp. After an easy victory over West Virginia, a hotly contested game to Wabash on her home floor, but the Varsity added a victorious crown to its season by nosing out Rose Poly the next evening.

THE TEAM.

Perhaps the fastest forward in the State, Captain Kenny proved the mainstay of the Notre Dame offense all during the season. The center of all the team work, Joe was a past master in the nth degree at working the ball down the court, eluding guards and breaking up a secondary defense by his wonderful speed. The Massachusetts' speed king was a hard proposition for any guard, as he had the happy faculty of dropping 'em in from far and near, and his dribbling proved a little too much for the best defensive men in the state.

During the season Joe had two running mates, Fitzgerald and Bergman. The latter only played in the last few games, but showed that he had still the same qualities of speed and agility which have characterized his court work the past two years. "Dutch" improved his shooting a great deal the past season, and was an invaluable asset in the local's lightning team play.

Fitzgerald was an entirely different kind of player, yet equally as good. A big man, he was unusually fast, and this, coupled with his weight and aggressiveness, enabled him to mix in and pluck out the ball in any melee. "Fitz" was a dead shot at close range, and in addition was the expert foul tosser on the squad, rarely missing over one chance in five.

At center, Rupe Mills played the same fast, steady, heady game that marked his work last season. Rupe is well over six feet, and has never met an opponent who could get the tip-off from him. For this reason, he was a vital cog in the team, while his extraordinary reach and powers of quick thinking made him one of the best defensive centers Notre Dame has had. For a man of his size, "Rupe" was slippery as one of his own New Jersey mosquitoes, and rival centers could never quite locate him; his habit of slipping unnoticed from one basket to another, taking a long toss and dropping it through, was almost uncanny.

Notre Dame this year, was blessed with about the best pair of guards recent seasons have produced. They supplemented each other perfectly—one was a perfect wizard at floor work, while the other was very similar in defense powers, to the famed Gibraltar. In Finegan, the stocky 170 pound football star, Coach Harper had one of the best back guards in the West. Sam's work in the Wabash and

Aggie games was a shining feature even among other notable exhibitions. Besides playing a great individual game, the Portland star was the general of the team, and even in the moments of tensest excitement, when his own hands were full with one, and often two, fighting forwards, his voice could be heard above the crowd barking out warnings.

With Finegan to protect the goal, Coach Harper had the big find of the season for the position of running guard. Daley is undoubtedly the premier at his position in this part of the country. A splendid shot, a quick thinker, full of daring and aggressiveness, he was really the third forward on the team, and fitted into the offense perfectly. But when his own goal was attacked, Dick was always in the very center of the fight, putting up a powerful defense. He has to the highest degree that valuable asset of a guard in knowing when to leave his place and join the offense and when to fall back. For his splendid work, he was elected Captain for the 1916 season—the only monogram man, save Fitzgerald, to be here next year.

A great measure of the season's success is due to the substitutes. Their hard work, though receiving very little recognition, helped mold the machine of the regulars. Ward at center is big and fast, and a good shot, and should fill Mills' place next year. Cassidy, the South Bend High product, knows, perhaps, as much about the science and tricks of the game as any man in it, and is a fast floor man. Only his lack of weight kept him out of the more important games. Grady, the all-interhall forward, played a good game, though handicapped by lack of experience. A little more seasoning should make him a first-rate forward. Kirkland, Corcoran and Baujan made up the trio of guards on the Reserves. All were good capable players, just a little inferior to the men they understudied.

The success of the season lay in the Varsity's team work; the team work was the result of Coach Harper's tutelage. The long passes of former years were discarded to a great extent, and in their place, short, snappy ones, overhead tosses, and low speedy throws were substituted. The coach forced the men to work hard, but the results were ample justification, and no better praise for his work can be found than topoint to these same results.

BROWNSON INTERHALL TRACK CHAMPS.

Brownson won the 1915 Interhall Track Championship last Thursday, in one of the fastest interhall contests ever staged in the Notre Dame Gym. The race was closely fought from start to finish, which resulted in two interhall records being effectively smashed, and another one tied. Corby lost the relay and the meet on a foul. The final score was Brownson, 40; Corby, 30½; Sorin, 26½; St. Joseph, 19; and Walsh, 6.

Shaughnessy of Sorin set a new interhall record in the forty-yard high hurdles, beating the old record of :05 4–5 made by Klippinger in 1911, by 1–5 of a second. Freund of St. Joseph, leaped 20 feet, 9 inches in the broad jump, which is a new record for that event. King of Corby tied Marty Henehan's interhall pole vault mark of 10 feet, 3 inches, made in 1911. Burns of St. Joseph sprung a surprise by winning the half-mile in 2:13 2–5. Others to star were Call, Fritch, and Nollman, all of Brownson. Summary:

40-yard dash—Shaughnessy, Sorin, first; Fritch and Lockard, Brownson, tied for second; Hayes of Corby, fourth. Time, :04 4–5.

40-yard low hurdles — Fritch, Brownson, first; Shaughnessy, Sorin, second; Nollman, Brownson, third; King, Corby, fourth. Time, :05 1–5.

40-yard high hurdles—Shaughnessy, Sorin, first; Fritch, Brownson, second; Starrett, Walsh, third. Time, :05 3–5.

High jump—Hand, Corby, first; Nollman, Brownson, second; King, Corby, and Walsh, Sorin, tied for third. Height, 5 feet 2 inches.

880-yard run—Burns, St. Joseph, first; Hannan, Sorin, second; Cook, St. Joseph, third; Logan, Corby, fourth. Time, 2:13 2–5.

Shot put—Fitzgerald, Corby, first; Cook, Sorin, second, Franz, Sorin, third; Nollman, Brownson, fourth. Distance, 38 feet, 3 inches.

220-yard dash—Barry, Brownson, first; Freund, St. Joseph, second; O'Neill, Walsh, third; Hayes, Corby, fourth. Time, :26 1–5.

440-yard dash—Ryan, Corby, first; Spalding, Brownson, second; Barrett, Corby, third; McCarthy, Sorin, fourth. Time, :57.

Pole vault—King, Corby, first; McDonald, Sorin, second; Height, 10 feet, 3 inches.

Mile run—Call, Brownson, first; Coyle, St. Joseph, second; Seng, Walsh, third; Reynolds, St. Joseph, fourth. Time, 5:55 1–5.

Running broad jump—Freund, St. Joseph, first; Fritch, Brownson, second; King, Corby, third; Stallkamp, Corby, fourth. Distance, 20 feet, 9 inches.

Relay race—Awarded to Brownson on a foul by Baujan on Malone.